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THE TRIANGULAR CLUB PAPERS.—No. I.

As to personal appearances it makes not the slightest difference—it matters little what the color of the eye, or what the length of the hair—all, all these die and become the food of the worm; the mind, the mind is all we need that cannot and will not die; it lives forever, and it is for us to make its glory equal to its life. Charlie is quick at invention and vivacious in delivery, shooting his mental shafts thick, fast, and powerfully; sometimes sending them far wide of the mark, and oftentimes centering them in the white. As a scholar he is a woeful linguist; but is “*au fait*” in all that pertains to science. Abraham, on the other hand, is a person whose mental operations are slow and dull. His consideration is dignified, stately and cumbersome. He is a would-be scholar and logician, and totally devoid of the art of speaking to please. Charlie, bold in his conceptions, surmounts all obstacles with an utter recklessness; but Abraham takes the safer path and mounts the son of Oswald

“By steps ascending from the dell
Rendering the cliff accessible.”

But should there be no steps he is as weak and unable to mount as Wilfred would have been.

By this time, no doubt, the reader would be pleased to understand what the title of this paper means. Very well. The Triangular Club is a club consisting of three members, two of which have already been described. The third will be allowed to rest until the time for his *entrée* upon the scene of action in order that his first appearance may be more effective. The history of our club is short. We met about three years ago in Princeton, liked each other, all three went to Gibe's and took stews and all. We were drawn together, I suppose, from the very incongruity of our minds, on the same principle that the + and — poles of the magnet attract each other. We possess no club room. No stated times, rules or regulations govern our meetings. We eat at the same board, converse together in public as well as in private, and remain secret only because we fear that we would not be appreciated if we held our conversation, like the Stoics or Peripatetics, at the college gate, or while walking to Jug Town, or round the triangulior after prayers. The purpose of our club is for the cultivation of the mind, morals, and conversation. The Bible, Immanuel Kant's Criticisms and Littell's Living Age are a fair specimen of the tools with which we shape and polish our intellect. Pipes, cigars, and chewing tobacco are our deepest vices. As to our conversation, the result of our mental and moral training, modesty forbids me, being a member of the Triangular, to speak. But the nature of these confabs are metaphysical, philosophical, and literary.

It was a rainy Sunday, not the dull, tedious rainy Sunday at a country inn that Washington Irving has so graphically described; but the quiet, dreary, dreadful, depressing rainy Sunday of college, when one would fain lie listening to the rain-drops pattering against the glass, and thumping upon the roof, and dream of fairy lands, fair castles in Spain, and of enchanted halls filled with soft low music, but cannot from very weariness.

The club had adjourned from dinner to a room in college, whose door was designated by the name of that cobweb bridge over which all true Mussulmen must skate to their heaven. Such a declaration upon a portal would no doubt have filled the heart of

many a true follower of Mahomet with joy, and made his soul replete with earnest longings to behold what its odious boards concealed. But alas for the Moslem's expectation. Oh! Nassau, thy domicils little approximate to the golden rooms^s of heaven as described by the prophet, and thy hard beds little resemble the downy luxurious couches of the celestial Serai.

The two afternoon bells have sounded and yet the club continues its meeting. Charlie has left on the lounge a volume of Dick's works, that he had just been perusing, and is now standing in front of the window gazing not upon carriages rolling over pavement stones, with their drivers clad in water-proof coats, and their horses reeking with smoke—not upon charming feet and well turned ankles as they traverse the street or trip along the side-walk—not upon muddy barn-yards, wet stables, dripping cows, chickens standing on one leg, with all their feathers weltered down to a point—not upon hill and dale, forest and opening, seen mistily through the falling rain; but upon the campus, a spot "*sui generis*;" a spot beautiful—but not beautiful, according to the standard of either town or country—a spot loved and almost revered from the many fond recollections of the four years we passed in its hallowed precincts, where have walked before us the great and the good, who are now scattered throughout our land; where walked our grandfathers, and our fathers, whose forms we can yet see in imagination, wandering under those leafless boughs, and whose countenances seem to frown upon us when we forsake the paths of duty and right. While all these things passed through his mind, he only saw in reality the fence-bound campus, with its X walks, and its magnificent old trees, swaying their naked boughs gently to and fro, in passive obedience to the easy motion of the wind, and baptizing at each undulation their trunks and the ground beneath with miniature showers collected from the drizzling attempt at rain.

Abraham, as he sat at the table with the Bible open before him read, "Make a chain; for the land is full of bloody crime, and the city is full of violence."

"Destruction cometh, and they shall seek peace and there shall be none."

At this Sir Oracle, who was seated in an easy chair, with his long locks lying disorderly upon his shoulders, looked up deliberately, closed his Littel, gently placed it upon the table, filled and lighted a pipe, placed his feet upon the stove, and fell into a profound meditation. His thoughts had left the pages of the book which he had just been perusing, and had wandered far away to some remote subject as gently as the smoke-rings that were curling upwards from his pipe, breaking and melting away into vacuity.

Sir O. (Moving his feet from the stove and sitting upright.) There's a Philosophy in *crime*.

C. What kind—mental or moral?

Sir O. Both; the latter essentially, and the former by comparison, by relation, (if I may be allowed the expression,) by consanguinity.

Sir O. resumes his pipe.

A. (Who entertains the highest admiration for Sir O., nods an assent, and looks triumphantly at C., who is evidently puzzled by the allowed expression of Sir O.)

Sir O. By philosophy natural, by consanguinity, I mean that philosophy in crime, which when compared with the philosophy of nature almost coincides with it. This and the science of physics have some of their tenets in common, such as "Ut tensio sic vis," &c.

C. Which in the science of crime is, "The way of the transgressor is hard.

Sir O. Precisely so in the case of individuals where the law visits its penalty upon the guilty; but there are other tenets in the philosophy of crime that go beyond the scope of the law of nations, which apply to the nations themselves, and whose truth no law of man is powerful enough to prove, and nothing less than a miracle can disprove.

A. Allow me to take down your heads upon paper, Sir O.

Sir O. (Nods, lays down his pipe, and continues.) The whole

grand philosophy of crime rests upon three leading formulas—I should rather use the term maxims——

A. One of which is the ninth of Euclid, I suppose.

Sir O. That axiom, my dear A., I shall rank under the head which I will place second. To begin:

1st. Crime would be statical if not compelled to progress or retreat by extraneous influences, which maxim is deduced from the observation of the fact that, in the natural scale of civilization as nations descend in the order of refinement, they become more virtuous, and on the contrary, when they ascend, they lose by degrees their stern Spartan character, and become enamored of the vices of civilization. A forcible example of this is found in the Indians of North America, some of whom now in the barbarous state, still retain the same virtues that characterized the fathers in the fifteenth century; and others who have had just a taste of civilization, are already sunk deep into crime. Here we see that civilization is this extraneous force.

A. Therefore we may infer that a state of barbarism is preferable to that of civilization, according to the strict laws of argument.

C. Provided the savages were entirely free from crime. But Sir O. declares them only to be influenced by it in a less degree. Savages are responsible for their sins; as they advance in civilization temptations become greater; but the cultivation of the mind enables them to resist in proportion; and hence the responsibility in the one case just balances that in the other. Therefore as far as crime is concerned, we are about in the same position with the savage for resisting its temptation. Now having the advantages of civilization thrown into our scale, I should prefer not to exchange with the savage.

Sir O. 2d. When several influences are brought to bear on crime, it obeys them all, not following any one, but taking an entirely new course. The result of these influences is in proportion to their propelling power, and here, Abraham, is the application of your axiom—"That the whole is greater than any of its parts." The 2d maxim is established by induction. We behold

it as crime advances and becomes more complicated. We have often observed that sins of omission or commission are concealed by deceit. Now neither of these sins may be very heinous in itself, but when brought into contact to influence one another, the resultant is a concentrated sin, a black and execrable falsehood.

3rd. The most important maxim is, that with nations as with individuals, retribution will follow crime. In this very number of *Littell*, I was reading of the partition of Poland, and the flagrant acts of injustice committed by the partitioning Powers. And while the Powers thought themselves secure, the retribution came—the Poles revived for a time, struck a dying blow, and in the battle of Jena paralyzed the military power of Prussia. They being crushed, then the bulwark that defended Europe from French ambition was gone. Twice did the avenger pass through Vienna; the Russians made full atonement on the edge of Polish sabres at Moskwa, and the conflagration of Moscow well repaid the sack of Warsaw. This retribution has followed where no law could reach and no nation avenge. You well remember the Legend of Sextus and Lucretia. In this case none but the Roman nation was affected; yet no law in Rome could punish the younger Tarquin; however, Brutus and the soldiers made might in this case truly right, and forcibly expelled the family whose members ended the line of Roman kings. Even in the case of the dead who in their life-time had performed mighty achievements, yet have tarnished their glory with crime, although beyond the punishment of the world, yet their memory meets with merited contempt. Thus we see in every case crime followed by ample retribution. I might multiply examples of the past without end. The annals of the world are but one long, dark record of wickedness and castigation. As the events of history pass before us, in review, we behold mingled in the triumphal processions, the pale and gory phantoms of heroes and patriots; at the next stage we discover the children of these victors crushed and destroyed by those whose fathers were enemies of their fathers; again we read upon the banners of both Church and State, mottoes of vengeance, and see their

swords dyed alternately in the blood of persecuted victims. Persecution and retribution have been the constant attendants, hovering like birds of prey over the march of civilization, from the time that the children of Israel sat down in their captivity by the waters of Babylon, until after the days of the protectorate and restoration. Although the crime of persecution is seldom heard of in the present day, yet there are others whose punishment will follow as light follows darkness.

Sir O. ceased, leaned back in a most complacent manner, and stroked his whiskers. A. sat with mouth distended, wrapt in admiration, for a few moments, until at Charlie's suggestion that it was supper-time, the club adjourned. "ATAR GUL."

FLOWERS.

SWEET flowers! whose hues of varied light display

The changeful face of God! The changeful face
Of Him the changeless! Yes, for every day

It shineth brightly though with differing rays.

As, at the dawn, veiled violets lift the head,

Wet with Night's tears, and odorous blessings breathe,

While beauty bends, and steps with careful tread,

And, gathering, twines them in a simple wreath—

So, in this darkling dawn-light, this, our life,

God's smile of tender love breaks brightly forth

Of-times half-hidden, calming angry strife,

While loftiness bows down to kiss the earth.

Some flowers, when bruised, their dearest sweets impart,

Their richest benisons. Thus, when we 'bide

In sin, and with transgression wound the heart

Of Christ the blessed, whom we crucified,

The dying God speaks blessed words of peace

And seals us heirs of bliss.

Some flowers, the face
Show never to the sun, but ever love

Their dewy diadems of light to place

Upon the brow of Night. So, from above

God coming softly in the spirit's night,

Such graces grants as never seen by day:

No smiles received by sunlight seem so bright,
As those of God in darkness. Every flower
Thus mirrors some great attribute of His.
From off the great white throne, He every hour
Down looketh on the earth, and filled with bliss
Smiles on it graciously. The swelling bud
Feels His warm touch, and, blushing into life
Becometh now an imaged thought of God.
Some laugh at flowers, and in a boastful strife
Contend with those who love them.—Laugh not, man!
For he who loveth not God's smiling face
May see that face in anger. Love them then,
The flowers, His pictured smiles of grace.

THE MINSTREL OF TIME.

It is not unreasonable to suppose that the dawn of Creation revealed many scenes of deep and thrilling interest to the angel-band of Heaven. Possessing faculties keenly sensitive to every pleasure, and hitherto ignorant of change, with what joy and glad surprise must they have greeted the advent of the world. At the expressive command, "*Let there be light*," they witnessed the elements of material existence springing into beauty and order from a floating mass of chaos, over which, perhaps, the Spirit of Darkness had, for ages, spread his broad and sable wings. With what wonder must they have gazed upon the expansive face of the firmament; the separation of land and sea; the formation of the animal and vegetable kingdoms; and above all the creation of Man. It is not surprising, that in the height of joy, they tuned their harps anew, and filled the heavens with such melody, that even the new-created stars seemed to join them in their praise.

Then man was happy; for created in the image of his Maker, all things were pure to him, and beautiful, and good. But Mutation lingered near! Even in the "beautiful garden" had he tuned his mystic lyre to play the march of Time; already had his entrancing melodies diverted human passions from their legitimate

tendencies, and Truth, and the Right, left man defenceless against the insidious wiles of the Tempter. Man fell! Mutation triumphed, and Time, with icy finger, stamped the impress on his brow, and wrote the fearful record on the title-page of Nature's open volume. Where once was the home of Innocence and Peace, the wildest confusion reigned. Happiness had given place to misery; Beauty and Love were clad in the garments of Anguish and Wrath; the mighty were engaged in deadly conflict, while the weak sought refuge in flight; the forests, once the habitation of immortal Spring, now welcomed to their noisy retreats the rest of the animal train, while mother Earth, indignant at the conduct of her primal pair, yielded nought but noxious weeds, to remind them at every step of their great ingratitude; all that once gave pleasure now concealed a thorn.

Such is human life! Mutation never leaves us, and we delight to listen to the music he rings out from every object of Creation, and at every moment of our existence. We seek with avidity his most favored haunts, as well as his most secluded retreats; we hang with rapture on the varied melody of his inconstant lyre, though mingled with the pleasures we receive, are pain and grief, despair and anguish, crime, disease and death. The inseparable companion of Time, we trace with admiration his foot-prints in the pathway of the stars, as well as on the earth beneath our feet; amid the clouds of heaven, as on the distant mountain brow, or in the rayless depths of ocean. We mark upon the "human face divine" the index of his presence in the heart. Even the uncertainty which everywhere attends his progress, sheds a ray of romance around the pathway of life; and in the giddy whirl of incessant excitement mortals seek their highest joy, looking with pain, if not with dread, upon a life of dull monotony.

Especially upon this our age, and this our native land, has Mutation left his mark. Where once the savage and the fiercest beast of prey held undisputed rule, vast cities have sprung up—miniatures of intelligence and grace; where Nature once alone proclaimed her truths to careless and indifferent pupils, colleges and schools are now disseminating the glorious light of Science and

Religion ! While the dark and howling wilderness, once beautified alone by the rising and the setting sun, has given place to thriving hamlets and sanctuaries of the living God, shedding a purer light, and clothing a free, a prosperous land, in the immaculate robes of Virtue and Peace. Though this be the present condition of our country—though prosperity be the helmsman, and “*Excelsior*” the motto of our Union—as we gaze upon this fair picture, let us not be too confident in ourselves. From the mounds of moldering brick—the only monuments of ancient Babylon and Nineveh—from the sight of the ancient Thebes, with her hundred gates, of which now scarce as many vestiges remain—from the silent ruins of Jerusalem, Palmyra and Carthage—from the remnants of Cæropean glory, now mingled with the dust at the base of the Acropolis, and from the fragments of that grandeur, which gave a name to the Augustan age, and immortal memory to Rome—from each of these is heard the vibrations of Mutation’s harp, borne upon the breath of expiring ages, and telling us, that God and his Word are only true objects of a nation’s faith.

Though cities and empires rise and fall in all their ephemeral glory ; though revolutions sweep like a storm-cloud over the earth ; and though the most magnificent monuments of human ingenuity perish ;—yet the voice of Mutation is heard in other and more endearing circles ; mountains and rocks grow old and disappear ; islands vanish in the bosom of the boisterous deep ; and earth herself gradually approaches the hour of her dissolution. The moss clings to the once gorgeous tower, and the ivy now veils the decaying beauties of a once sacred temple, before whose peerless charms admiring multitudes have bowed in fervent, yet fruitless devotion ; the briar grows out from the palace window, whence oft in bygone days the beautiful and fair have gazed ; birds of prey now build their nests beneath the deserted domes, where once our forefathers knelt in prayer ; those halls, once lighted by the smiles of joyous beauty, and adorned by the elegant taste of wealth, now mock their own dissolution by impressive silence, and echo greets the footfall of the passer-by with a mournful wail, “*where erst the shout and reckless song resound.*”

That graceful wreath which Fancy wove around the brow of blooming Beauty, now lies faded and rent beside the couch of helpless Imbecility; the laurel and the bay, which once adorned the locks of that dauntless youth, whom "men delighted to honor," is now submerged in the mire, while the demon, Intemperance, has shattered that manly form, usurped the throne of Reason, and traced upon that youthful brow the fearful doom of dissipation. Those parents, once young and hopeful, and, who long, long years ago bent over a first-born son with feelings of love and gratitude, now tremble upon the threshold of the tomb, as they bestow their dying benison upon that ungrateful one, who has nearly "brought their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

If the Past be true and the Present real, how little ground for confidence does Mutation leave us. After a few more fancied joys have brought substantial grief, a few more happy hopes allured, a few more trusted friends have gone, then Earth, Time's great mausoleum, will be to us a welcome couch. A few may cherish us in memory, but we shall be forgotten by all, perhaps before the humble stone which marks our resting-place shall crumble into dust. But still the end will come. Time himself shall grow weary in his rapid flight, and Mutation tremble with the weight of years as he strikes his feeble lyre. When "the rock that was cut from the mountain" shall "have filled the whole world," then shall the angel's trumpet sound, and the dying groans of nature be the requiem of Time, and his aged minstrel,

MUTATION.

"WANTON JESTS make fools laugh, and wise men frown. Scoff not at the natural defects of any which are not in their power to amend. O, 'tis cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches. No time to break jests when the heartstrings are about to be broken. He that will lose a friend for a jest, deserves to die a beggar by the bargain."—THOMAS FULLER.

THE MOON *VERSUS* GREEN CHEESE.

"Is the moon made of green cheese?" When this query was started it is impossible to say, but it is our impression, that it never has received a satisfactory answer—indeed, that it never has been answered. Why the inquisitive spirit of the *true* Yankee should rest here with such a question unsolved, is as incomprehensible as it is incompatible with his characteristic "thirst for useful knowledge;" with his penetrative genius, that is hindered in its investigations by neither great things nor small, that has both discovered "way down East," the precise locality where the king of day greets the morning, and invented wooden nutmegs superior in durability and finish to the real article.

No longer does it behove us to neglect the sober consideration of a question of so great moment as the one before us, relating, as it does, to the essence of this solitary satellite of our earth. Deeply feeling the importance of our subject, and conscious alike of the very limited extent of our knowledge, and the feebleness of our reasoning powers, we attempt its elucidation with fear and trembling.

Let us first consider some of the objections which might be urged against the theory implied in our question. It may be said that analogy shows the perfect absurdity of the supposition that *our moon* is made of green cheese, since this substance is so entirely different from our *terra firma*. But is it more unlike, than is the matter of which Jupiter, Mars, or Venus is composed? Then the great size of the moon might render it improbable that it consists wholly of cheese. Here we should reflect, while we are considering so lofty a subject—one beyond the pale of earthly observation—that our ideas of things should be proportionably enlarged; we should not take for our standard of judgment, even the most extraordinary feat ever performed by dairy-maid in this lower world. How do we know, but that there may be a whole planet, or even planets, appropriated to the habitation and sustenance of those useful animals, which supply the wherewithal to

make the cheese, or again, it is not impossible that it should have been made without the milk that is so indispensable to *our* dairies. If this were true, it is difficult to understand why such a waste should be permitted in the universe; that such an enormous mass of cheese—old enough to suit the most fastidious taste of the most fastidious epicure—should be stored away far beyond the region of clouds, and perfectly inaccessible to the inhabitants of this, our world. The fallacy of this objection may easily be shown. We need not suppose that all this cheese was created in vain. Every one has heard of the man in the moon, and his faithful little attendant of the canine species. And judging from the size of his face, as seen from the world, the man himself must be of gigantic dimensions, and likely to have an enormous appetite. The envious lovers of good old cheese ought to be content to leave this to the man and his dog, as they undoubtedly have the best right, viz: that of possession of every doubtful discovery.

We proceed, now, from the refutation of the objections to the consideration of reasons for receiving the theory as true. The very starting of the question argues something in favor of its affirmation. Where did the idea originate? Why was the *question* respecting green cheese, rather than the thousand of other substances, which present themselves to our minds? These things should be accounted for. A clearer knowledge of the origin of this interrogative would probably throw much light on the subject. Then the moon is an opaque body, shining with a borrowed light. This condition would evidently be fulfilled by the hypothesis under consideration. Again, if the theory be a true one which supposes all the planets of our system to be children of the sun, and that they consist of matter thrown off from this great central body by centrifugal force; if this be true, we have another reason for believing that the query may be answered in the affirmative, for, in order to have assumed the spherical shape she presents, the matter could not have been dense; and why not suppose it to have been really "green cheese," only in a softened, fluid state at first, and that it gradually attained consistency equal to that approved by the best New England housewife. We have

supposed the fluid to have been in a heated state, originally, and it is well known that, to make cheese, it is necessary to boil the milk. As to the color, from the hue of sublunar things, it would be the most natural thing in the world to suppose the cheese to be green. And finally, the moon exhibits various phases, and her diminished size at certain times may be well accounted for by the periodical ravages, which its quaint inhabitant and his hungry dog would be likely to make. It appears (?) then from these several considerations, provided there are no stronger objections than those which have been held up, and that the progress in science does not compel us to relinquish some of the positions we have maintained—it is evident, we think, (?) that we should receive as an article in our creed the affirmative answer to the question that “the moon is really made of green cheese.” Undoubtedly great benefits would flow from the universal reception of this truth. The tendency would be to make people more practical. There would not be such a passion among the youthful portion of *mankind* for moonlight walks, and consequently there would be fewer colds and coughs, and cases of consumption would be more rare. We should not so frequently hear of elopements, because of the manifest incongruity of *love* and *green cheese*. Then sentimental sonnets would meet with no favor, and cats would cease their feline loquacity. So saith the Prophets. c.

“PLEASURE is pursued where it seems most renounced, and aimed at even in self-denial. All voluntary poverty, all the discipline of penance, and the mortifications of religion are undertaken upon this view. A good man is contented with hard usage at present, that he may take his pleasure in the other world. In short, to dispute the goodness of pleasure is to deny experiment, and contradict sensation, which is the highest evidence.”

ROBERT HALL.

THE HOME AT THE HILL.

There's a beautiful spot that I love full well,
The pride of my boyhood days;
Where often my happy heart would swell,
With the chorus of youthful praise;
'Tis a temple within a sylvan glade,
And dear to my mem'ry still—
O! who could forget the peaceful shade,
Of the dear old home at the Hill!

There's a picture that glows with the purest delight,
As it lives in remembrance yet;
And gilds with its glory the sombre night,
Of the deepest and darkest regret!
'Tis the picture that memory brings to my view,
In a solitude pensive and still,
Of the hearts and the hopes that my boyhood knew,
In the dear old home at the Hill!

I have stood all alone as I listened long,
To the wild birds over the lea;
I have stood on the beach as entranced by the song
Of the deep and the dark-rolling sea;
But a song have I heard that would often start
A tear as the tribute of skill;
'T was memory sweeping the chords of the heart,
From the dear old home at the Hill!

The garland that Summer doth gracefully twine
For the brow of the youthful Spring,
Is a beauty unrivaled, because so divine,
But alas! 't is a transient thing!
There's a beauty in all—in the tiniest flower,
In the Autumn leaf, or the ice-bound rill—
But there's beauty that blooms in an evergreen bower,
At the dear old home at the Hill!

I have gazed on the wonders of Nature and Art,
The terrible and the sublime;
I have tried to restrain this wild-throbbing heart,
Both at scenes of Love and of Crime;
And I've longed for a quiet secluded retreat,
Where my soul might repose at its will—
I have found what I sought in abundance complete,
At the dear old home on the Hill!

Tho' the dearest of all is the spot of my birth,
 And the scenes that my infancy knew,
 Yet the glory of Virtue and grandeur of Worth,
 'Mid the scenes of my boyhood grew ;
 And though far away I may wander in sooth,
 Yet my spirit with pleasure must thrill,
 As it hastens to visit the friends of my youth,
 And the dear old home at the Hill!

O! I long for the days, the merry young days,
 When all hearts were so happy and free ;
 When the beautiful grove would re-echo our praise,
 And each leaf seemed to quiver with glee ;
 When the soft silver music of *soul* would descend,
 And each heart with its harmony fill !
 And I hope that these pleasures may ever attend,
 The hearts of the home on the Hill!

X. E. P.

ANAGRAMS.

"Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo."

It is sometimes quite a relief to turn for a while from the profound metaphysical and æsthetical essays, from the erudite and discriminating criticisms, from the affecting and sentimental stanzas, which usually grace the pages of our "Lit.," to something less solid and more entertaining ; to "trifles light as air ;" to articles which require but little effort to read and less thought to understand.

In a little volume with paper brown through age, with curious half Gothic type, with quaint rude woodcuts, published in 1637, "by Thomas Harper, at the signe of the Crowne, London," and entitled the "Remains of that renowned antiquary, Mr. William Camden, concerning Britaine," is to be found a chapter on Anagrams. Without laying any claim for originality, the object of the writer will be to present a condensed view of this chapter, together with some Anagrams and remarks from other sources. To begin then with "Master William Camden's" definition of Ana-

grams. He says: "the onely *Quintessence* that hitherto the *Alchymy* of wit could draw out of names, is, *Anagrammatisme* or *Metagrammatisme*, which is a dissolution of a name, truly written, into its Letters, its Elements, and a new connexion of it, by artificial transposition, without addition, subtraction, or change of any letter, into different words making some perfect sense applicable to the person named."

After this not too clear definition, he goes on to give rules for making them as follows: "the precise in this practise, strictly observing all the parts of the definition, are only bold with H, either in omitting or retaining it, for that it cannot challenge the right of a letter. But the licentiats, somewhat licentiously, lest they should prejudice poetically liberty, will pardon themselves, for doubling or rejecting a letter, if the sense fall aptly, and thinke it no injury to use E for Æ, V for W, S for Z, and C for K, and contrariwise."

Being an enthusiastic antiquary, Camden endeavors to date Anagrams as far back as the days of Moses. But as he cannot prove this to his satisfaction, he leaves it for the learned to consider, and contents himself with referring the invention to Lycophron who "was one of those Poets which the Greeks call the Seven Starres or Pleiades," and who flourished about four hundred years before Christ, in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus. In his poem, "Cassandra," upon the Trojan war, are to be found two anagrams; the first on the name Ptolemy:

Πτολεμαῖος.

Ἀ'πὸ μέλιτος. (made of honey);

and the other on the name of Arsinoë, his wife,

Ἀρσινόη.

Ἥρασιον. (Juno's violet).

Eastachius informs us that beside these, there were many others among the Greeks, as the following: the name of Ἄρλας, who bore the heavens upon his shoulders, was changed into τῶλας wretched; the word ἀρετή, virtue, into ἐρατή, lovely.

We have nothing now to prove the existence of Anagrams among the Romans, nor is anything more heard of them, until in

modern times, (to quote Camden again), "learning revived under Francis the First, and the French began to distill their wits herein." Of this time we have many Anagrams, some of them quite good ones. The following are among the best :

François de Valoys.
De façon suis royal.

One upon the name of the mistress of Charles IX. is very good :

Marie Touchet.
Je charme tout.

The following upon the name of the assassin of Henry III., is forcible, to say the least :

Frère Jacques Clement.
C'est l'enfer qui m'a créé.

To this belong two remarkable Scriptural Anagrams. The one is upon the Greek name of the Saviour, Ἰησοῦς, which being transposed gives Στήδης, "thou art that sheep," alluding to the prophecy of Isaiah : "as a sheep before the shearers is dumb, so opened he not his mouth."

The other is an answer to Pilate's inquiry, What is truth?—"Quid est veritas?" The answer is an Anagram formed from the question: "Est vir qui adest."

The learned Calvin did not think it beneath him to compose these trifles, and in the title of his "Institutes," published at Strasburg, in 1539, styles himself Alaimas, an Anagram upon the word Calvinus. He also formed the words "rabie læsus," from the word Rabelæsius, on account of his enmity towards the poet.

"Good Queen Bess" had numerous Anagrams written upon her name. Camden gives no less than ten, among which there are some very good. From her name in Greek he gets this :

Ἡλισάβεθα
Θέα βασίλη (A goddess queen).

In Latin, together with many others, are the following :

Elisabetha Regina Angiliæ—Angiliæ agna, et Hiberniæ lea.
Elisabetha Regina—Angiliæ hera, beasti.

From the words :

Elisabetha Regina Anglorum,

Were made the two following :

Magna bella tu heroina geris.
Gloria regni salva manebit.

Many were also composed upon the name of her unfortunate victim Mary Queen of Scots :

Maria Stevarta.
Veritas armata.
Maria Stevarta, Scotorum Regina.
Trusavi regnis morte amaracado.

From an admirable Essay on Anagrams in Collet's Relics of Literature, we get the following :

Jacobus Steuartus.
Tu es ob justa carus.

And in English :

James Steuart
A just master.

An Anagram upon the name of Monk, Duke of Albemarle, is curious from its containing the date when the circumstance mentioned occurred :

Georgius Monk, Dux de Aumarle
Ego regem reduxi Anno Sa. MDCLVY.

In France about this time the rage for Anagrams was at such a height, that a Thomas Billou was appointed Anagrammatist to the king, with a salary of twelve hundred livres. Upon the name of the poet Waller are the following lines :

"His brows need not with laurel to be bound,
Since in his *name* with *laurel* he is crowned."

"Anagrams," says D'Israeli, "were often devoted to the personal attachments of love or friendship,—a friend delighted to twine his name with that of a friend. Crashawe, the poet, had a literary intimate of the name of Car, who was his posthumous editor; and in prefixing some elegiac lines, discovers that his best friend, Crashawe, was Car; for so the Anagram of *Crashawe* runs—he *was* Car. On this quaint discovery, he has indulged in all the tenderness of his recollections :

Was Car then Crashawe, or was Crashawe Car!
 Since both within one word combined are:
 Yes, Car's Crashawe, he 's Car; 'tis love alone
 Which melts the hearts of both composing one?"

Concerning the moral influence of Anagrams two anecdotes are related. The first of a Frenchman named *André Pujour*. From the letters of his name he formed the words "*pendu à Riom*," which circumstance made such an impression upon his mind, that to fulfill his destiny he actually committed a capital crime and was hung at the town which Anagram had named. The other story is of a certain woman, who gave herself out to be a prophetess, on the sole ground that from her name *Eleanor Davis* she was able to form the words "*Reveal, O Daniel!*" Many efforts were made to bring her to her senses, but none were effectual until some one hit upon the appropriate Anagram:

Dame Eleanor Davis—"Never so mad a ladie."

From this time Madame Eleanor Davis ceased to prophesy.

In modern times good Anagrams are not rare, as some of the following may show:

Napoleon Bonaparte—No; appear not at Elba.
 Napoleon Bonaparte—Bona rapta, leo, pone.
 Lucius Napoleon Bonaparte—O, sub altero herone.
 Imperator—arma capuult populi.

Upon the Duke of Wellington is this:

"Arthur Duke of Wellington:
 Let well-foil'd Gaul secure thy renown."

The famous Anagram of Dr. Burney upon the name of Nelson has but few equals and no superiors:

"Horatio Nelson—Honor est a nilo."

The French, with their love for fun, found that "*La Sainte Alliance*," was only "*La Sanite Canaille*." The following are at least "applicable to the thing named."

Revolution—Love to ruin.
 Telegraph—Great help.
 Catalogue—Got as a clue.
 Charades—Hard case.
 Lawyers—Sly ware.

TAU.

SERIA COMMIXTA JOCIS.

"What shall I do to be forever known."—COWLEY.

FELLOW COLLEGIAN: After much cogitation and repeated reflection upon the question asked by the poet, we have determined, not as he did, to soar aloft with unfettered wing, above the Aonian mount, and sweep the lyre of poesy in dulcet harmonies, but, directed by our good genius, to seek a readier immortality; whether it be a living or dead one, in the minds of men, or on dusty book-shelves, this deponent saith not; but he doth say, that it is to be through the pages of the Nassau Literary. And now, Mr. Editor, though we have not the double honor and pleasure of your acquaintance, believe us, we have strenuously endeavored, several times of late, to approach you for the purpose of "bootlicking" you, but your dignity hath repelled us; so that, although we have not *in propria persona, in corpore*, performed the operation, we have *in mente*; we have been wont *in animo habere, ab ortu ad occasum solis*, for many days past; (we know you, sir, to be an excellent classical scholar.) Now since we have had the *intention*, wherewithal is the difference between that and having actually done it? The metaphysicians draw here no distinction. We say, therefore, Mr. Editor, that to all intents and purposes, we have sufficiently propitiated your favor, or in technical language, bootlicked you enough, to get this piece in the April number. And to the reading public of the College of New Jersey we will return our heartfelt thanks, if they will extend towards us their generous indulgence for a short time, while we discuss things meet for reproof to Seniors, for correction to Sophomores, for instruction to Freshmen. Bear with us yet a little while, dear reader, and lend a sympathetic ear, while we relate further our personal experiences before we begin. If you will, we will, with all editorial modesty, continue to speak of ourself as *we* and *our*, and promise, you will not know certainly where we begin; and if you follow us through, we guarantee you will not know whether we began at all. Paradoxically strange, perhaps.

But nevertheless, as we were reading Byron a few days since, the following verse attracted our attention :

"Who killed John Keats ?
'I,' says the Quarterly,
So savage and tartarly,
'T was one of my feats."

This called to our mind the melancholy fate of this talented young writer, who was absolutely killed by literary criticism. When he published the "Endymion," his first poem, it was so severely, nay savagely criticised in the Quarterly Review, that the author, we are told, became excited in an extraordinary degree, was with difficulty restrained from effecting purposes of suicide, and so intense was his suffering that finally a blood-vessel was ruptured in his lungs, causing premature death. Now, reader, it may be that you do not see the point, but we do; and did still more clearly at the time this ill-starred, and it may be personally prophetic verse, fell under our eye; for we then had in contemplation an early debut as a writer for the public, and were at the very time engaged in reading poetry to catch the inspiration; instead, however, we are sorry to say, we caught mortal terror. To one of our perceptive mind, high-wrought sensitive nature, there was in this epitaph abundant food for reflection. The points of resemblance, in both situation and character, very naturally suggested themselves to my no longer dormant mind, and that with an alarmingly quickened power of perception. Keats and we were both essaying our first productions. We were both of us doubtless exceedingly jealous of a reputation, and desirous of popular favor. Here again was a similitude. And lastly, without a doubt, we were alike endowed with the creative imagination, the vivid fancy, the lofty ideal enthusiasm, and the nervous susceptibility of true genius. We knew not but that ours might be a similar fate. Is it to be wondered at that our ardor was dampened, that our spirit was cast down within us?

But, according to Nature's established rule, when all other powers that act the mind had ruthlessly forsaken us in this our extremity, auspicious Hope still lingered, and sweet speaking with

charmed words, revived us, driving all anxious fears away;—for be it understood, it has always been said, we were of good pluck. She whispered, that although in him I pondered on, had been extinguished the fiery grandeur of a generous mind, there were still upon the earth kindred spirits, and even some few kinglier minds, ordained, as the tide of coming years rolled on, to charm the world, and light it bright with intellectual day. Now, she did not say exactly, that your humble servant belonged to this class of the gifted few, but we thought she evidently meant it; in fact she intimated as much, with all the coyness of a maiden first in love. We did not therefore, unreasonably ask for explicit statements on a subject so delicate, but forthwith declared the most enthusiastic, chivalric regard, and pledged eternal fealty to do her every bidding, where Reason's stronger arm (whose dominion we were proud to own,) would suffer us, and follow wherever she waved her golden wand. So she took up her dwelling within our breast, and we were comforted, and our spirit returned unto us, and we called to mind some of those wise sayings of our forefathers: "Fortune favors the brave;" "He who risks nothing, gains nothing;" and many others of like encouraging portent. We moreover began to question our own experience in this matter, and call upon our common sense to know, if there was any reason why we should despair of ever attaining eminence as a "Lit" contributor, because many *assini* before us had failed utterly in their attempts! The case of Keats, we saw on a sudden, was by no means analogous; but little parallelism existed; there was no reasoning from his case to ours, for the simple reason that he aimed at poetry and we at prose—two things so essentially different in their natures as but rarely to recommend themselves to the same mind. A man who excels in one seldom does in the other. We never could write poetry; therefore concluded, according to the doctrine of chances, a double probability of success in the other department. Keats was, moreover, a poor, nervous, flighty fellow, whose bread was sentiment, roses dipped in dew, and skylarks in imagination. We, on the contrary, are heavy;—we mean, solid as to our mind, and portly as to our body,

while our meat is of more substantial elements; to wit, black-eyed peas, tough beef and hominy. If he had daily regaled himself on such provender, his mental energies and sensibilities would never have so got the start of his bodily powers, as to suffer him to be exterminated by a little ink and paper. We have grown bold in the contemplation, and do most fearlessly defy the Quarterly Review, or any other, to affect us with its caustic criticism. We are safe; we feel it; we have logically reasoned ourselves into it. Unless Keats had been a weak man, bodily or mentally, he would not have been collapsed by that process; he was collapsed, therefore he was a weak man, either bodily or mentally. But we, are not a weak man, either bodily or mentally, therefore, will not be collapsed by the critical process. Dare any man call that chop-logic? Was ever conclusion fairer from a suppressed major and an obvious minor?

We ask again: shall we be fearful because of others' failures? We admit, many a United States Senator in prospectu at twenty, has at forty listened with unfeigned interest to the case of some old farmer, who has had his smoke-house robbed of two hams, a side of bacon and a couple of beef-tongues; but is that reason why no man should ever again hope to be a senator? Hath not the bard of Avon told us, there is to every man a tide which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune? Just so, we at last concluded this was the time for us to launch out and go *down* stream, not *up*; for by the meta-tarsal bones of the false prophet, we want you distinctly to understand, we don't go in that direction; we leave that to what we call "first honor men;" those walking skeletons, breathing phantoms, living representations, physically and mentally, of what polling for a grade brings a man to. For our part, we have no doubt they would prefer to 'grind,' and pull up stream, (though their earthly tabernacle be thin,) than to take the trip down, "*Otium cum dig.*" But were our chances as slender as the under-pins of one of the aforesaid men, or as their's of ever coming to anything in the world, (we beg pardon of the fraternity,) we would risk them in that direction, to be delivered from the "grinders," if nothing else. There is but little affinity

between us; we are not wont to go together; they taking the road to "first," we the one that leads nigh on to the tail. We would further add, that having long since succeeded in inspiring our paternal ancestor with an ineffable contempt for "grades," do now with boldness and no latent resolution, declare it to be our intention, together with a few choice spirits, voluntarily to maintain our position near the tail, regardless alike of the dip-giving authorities, and the growling of some, about "men taking below fifty for a grade," "honor of the class," &c., who, for their proclivities that way, have most unjustly caused our whole class to be dubbed by the Seniors and Sophs, "*grade worshipers*;"—without doubt a title of the most execrable signification. And in order that you may see how deep is the ignominy attached to it, hear the definition of the term as given in Pepperill's Dictionary, just out: "Grade-worshiper," "One who worships grades; a collegian whose whole soul is eaten up with the desire to stand high in class; an envious and underhanded person; one who copies on examinations; a bootlick." "See the grade-worshiper in spirit howl, to hear his rival make a rowl; See the grade-worshiper grin and snivel, to hear his rival make a fizzle."—*Holmes*. How baneful then must be the influence of studying for such an end as a grade. Class-mates, turn from the error of your way!

We find we have made a fearful digression, but it doesn't trouble us much; as critics say, such errors evince fertility of thought, and the greatest writers of the day frequently lose themselves in a new labyrinth of thought: De Quincey for example. However, we will return. After being rationally convinced that our business was to write for the "Lit," and that now was the time, we were sorely troubled in our mind as to what we would write about; but at length we bethought ourself of some old "Mags" we happened to have, and forthwith went through them in search of direction. We found many learnedly lengthy productions, and philosophic discussions; a refined exegesis on "Petrarch's Error," and others of like critical acumen, upon such subjects as "Stewart's Doctrine of Conception," and Metempsychosis and German Rationalism.

Now, friend, the sight of these titles struck us like an electric

shock, and well it might; we had never heard of Metempsychosis, and only remembered to have met with Petrarch's name once, in all our reading. However, we reckoned rightly that it would be useless to attempt a grand piece without a grand subject; and were fully resolved to follow the advice of the "Autocrat," to try *Hamlet* first, and Bob Logic afterward: since he assures us, people will never allow that you can do anything great with Macbeth's dagger, after flourishing about with Paul Pry's umbrella. We resolved, therefore, in our necessity, to test the truth of that sublime saying of the old father of the "De Sublimitate," and satisfy ourself, whether our mind could be "divinely kindled at the flame of another's genius." With brisk confidence we fell to work on the above mentioned pieces. The "Petrarch's Error" was perspicacious in the extreme; the "Conception" piece, was amazing, and philosophically profound; the "Metempsychosis &c." probed straight for the fundamental principles and primal elements of all "Rational"—and Irrational—"ism." Well, after this, we naturally "sot back and pulled our har." "Pale, but intrepid, sad, but unsubdued," we at length seized our pen with the grasp of a vice, and setting our teeth worse than a shut steel-trap, wrote as topic for discussion—"The Sublimated Pantheistic German Philosophy." We are told that the illusion created by great men's works, is frequently dissipated by seeing them at home in their gown and slippers; so lest, from too intimate an acquaintance, you may conceive a prejudice to the production in question, we will let fall the curtain of our sanctuary, for the space of three hours and a half.

'Tis finished; that is, nine and a half lines, of which we were delivered after so protracted a labor as the time specified. Hear the first sentence. "The German mind is preëminently the mind of abstract thought, and has ever been characterized by a materialistic tendency." Those following were composed and adapted for the reception of our very limited vocabulary of metaphysical terms, which, though warped in with great economy, soon gave out, and so did our projected disquisition. We soared upon too lofty wing; and like Icarus, our waxen pinions failed

us: we had ignobly fallen, like a young crow, from the transcendental realms of German philosophy, into the sublunary regions of common sense and plain realities; and the plainest of all, we there saw, was our individual self, with tail feathers pulled out, drinking the bitter dregs of irremediable literary desolation. We scandalized Longinus, in the most sublimely scandalous terms our billings-gate vocabulary offered; and as we remembered the "flood tide" matter, vehemently reviled Old Shak—for his ignis fatuus inspiration. We were just about reconciling ourself to the belief, that all the tides of all the floods that ever swept men on to glory, could not land us on the writer's isle, when a friend stepped in, and after a few minutes conversation informed us, to our infinite gratification, that one of our models was to be found entire in an old magazine published in 1811. We forthwith began a most uncharitably diligent search for the other two, and found the hole where the fox lived; though he was not exactly in, still it was his hole. That they had been there, was evident from the pencil marks all along the margins of the leaves, which would not be entirely erased. The worst I could find, was where one of our deep-thinking young men had most villanously "cribbed" five whole lines without a comma's change. Others were done up most grandiloquently in new style, a most majestic dress, wherein it was sought to conceal the identity;—but there were the pencil signs. We submit the most gorgiandus improvement we could find. First take the original *Fras. Mag.*, vol 13th, page 311. "In the Greek Drama we are delighted with the lofty sublimity of *Æschylus*, the classic elegance of *Sophocles*, or the philosophic genius of *Euripides*." Improved Edition—"Fancy and taste can hear with rapture the grand tones of the Drama, swelling out in wild sublimity with *Æschylus*, beautiful in its artistic elegance with *Sophocles*, or growing profoundly philosophic when molded by the genius of *Euripides*." This *Æsthetic* devotee surely forgot in the moment of his towering grandeur, that,

As 't is a greater mystery in the art
Of painting to foreshorten any part,
Than draw it out; so 't is in books the chief
Of all perfections to be plain and brief.

But Genius always was erratic; and our friend in question certainly was, either mentally or morally, for upon further examination we found all his erudition taken ready-made from Frazer and the *Atheneum* with a little from the *Whig Review*. The splendidly original glow was sadly marred throughout by an amazing coincidence of thought, and a striking similarity of references to and quotations from learned authorities of the middle ages, garbled sentences and expressions, worked up, in and out, put end foremost and upside down; parts bore evident proofs of having been hastily devoured by the literary pickpockets, and, with much labor, disgorged again in an undigested state; in fine, the whole was a miserable re-stamping of the old coin. The chief difference discernible, was, that whereas in the original, the clear water lay in its rough rocky bed, beautiful in natural simplicity, the improved edition had it all mixed with mud and mire, in a great wooden tank, which was bedaubed all over with gaudy colors, unsparingly laid on, in a wretched attempt at making it appear a natural spring.—The generality of college readers, would decide the latter by far the more perfect production; just as children think muddy waters deeper than clear.—Reader, at the contemplation of our researches we were disgusted, and without mental reservation determined never to attempt a learned piece for the “*Lit.*”

THOG.

ALMA MATER.

ALMA MATER, queen of story!
Mem'ries bright enwreath thy name,
Many a loving, mighty warrior
Owes to thee immortal fame:
Many a star that lights our pathway,
Gained it's first warm beams from thee;
Heroes turn to thee with blessing,
Children once, beside thy knee.
Cherished Mother! hearts will love thee,

Hopes and prayers, for aye be thine,
None, ungrateful, can forget thee,
Than the living branch the vine.
Could thy walls, the silence breaking,
Tell the mysteries they know,
Tell the sounds of mirthful laughter
Echoing thro' thee long ago:
Could they whisper of their watching,
Of some heart, that all alone
Felt the temples hotly throbbing,
Cursing—praying—wretched one—
Oh, how eager we would listen,
Listen breathless at thy will,
Laugh, or turn away in weeping,
Turn, but listen eager still.
Years will pass, and some inquirer
May perhaps as we do now,
Wonder what thy walls could tell them,
Tell him of the long ago;
Tell him of the ringing voices—
Sounds of strife, or joy, or woe,
Hearts excited, broken, blighted,
In the weird old long ago.
Shall we ever in our wand'ring,
Through the wilderness of care,
Reach the goal upon the mountain,
Grasp the crown that victors wear:
Oh, to thee, our Alma Mater,
Will our thoughts in pleasure turn,
While with joy our spirits waken,
And with pride our bosoms burn;
Then will, too, our friends and brothers
Turn with us, to bless the day,
Ere from thy protecting guidance,
We had turned in grief away.
Then beside some far off hearth-stone,
Dreaming of our changing state,
How will vanish treasured grieving,
Life's harsh scenes of fear and hate.
To thy altar where we've worshiped,
To thy walks where now we roam,
We will turn with saddened longing,
Turn as turns the heart towards home.

THE FALL OF BABYLON.

SOMETHING resembling a feeling of sadness steals over the spirit on looking back, throughout the long vista of ages, upon the disastrous years of finished time. From that day when came the new-born Earth forth from the hand of its Maker, smiling in all its created loveliness, has man with sorrowful convictions, beheld in every varying aspect, stamped upon its beauteous surface, mutability!

Upon the plains of Shinar, moldering in the lapse of ages, lie entombed the remains of a vast capital, the glory of the kingdoms—the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, in the fulfillment of prophetic denunciation—a dreary waste as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorah. More than two thousand years have rolled away, and blasted empires in their pride, since we behold this city at the zenith of its glory; at the period of its proudest magnificence, surrounded with such walls as never before nor since have stood upon the Earth; and loudly eloquent with the glad sound of teeming thousands, she reigned the "Queen of the East." Her temples reared their lofty minarets, like things of heaven, and gilded domes blazed as they met the sun; her gorgeous palaces kissed the sky, and towers of immeasurable height stood capped in clouds. As of Homeric Thebes might it be said of her:

The world's great Empress on the Syrian plain,
That spread her conquests o'er a thousand States,
And poured her heroes through a hundred gates.

Within those lofty battlements and brazen gates, in sore captivity, the last remaining band of Israel, God's chosen but afflicted people, mourned their far-off land, Jerusalem sacked, and the plundered temple of the Lord.

By the rivers of Babylon there they sat down,
Yea, they wept when they remembered Zion;
They hanged their harps upon the willows in the midst thereof,
For they that carried them away captive, required of them a song:
And they that wasted them required of them mirth,
Saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.

These, repentant, and with a perfect trust in the promises of their God, predict the approaching overthrow of their captors and the downfall of the city: "Oh, daughter of Babylon, who art to be destroyed; happy shall he be who rewardeth thee as thou hast served us." And well near at hand was this reward; for the Babylonians, by their great wickedness, had hastened the day of their calamity. For had not He, who directs alike the rolling sun and the floating azure speck, the creation of worlds and the destinies of nations, said, I will cause the arrogancy of the proud to cease, and will lay low the haughtiness of the terrible! Babylon had exalted herself against the living God; therefore was she to be laid low in the dust of humiliation. Even now had Cyrus, with his marshaled host, innumerable as the stars of heaven, come up against her, and compassed the city about. Meanwhile Belshazzar, the reigning monarch, relying upon the strength of his walls reaching to heaven and indissolubly firm, with a hundred gates of brass closed with prodigious bolts against the foe, in the carelessness of confident security had decreed the celebration of the annual festivities in honor of Belus, the Babylonian god.

It was the evening of the festival. The vain-glorious monarch stood upon the loftiest battlements of his palace, surveying his far-extended capital. All nature was at rest. The pure ether reflected the parting rays of the sun, which had just set, clothed in all the golden grandeur of an oriental sky. Mild evening, follower of departing day, hastened to close the portals of the west, and draw round her dewy curtains. Beneath, in serried order, far-extended, were the renowned hanging gardens, overcrowded with excess of Nature's loveliness. Flowers, whose every varying hue the hand of God had penciled, filled the air with sweetest fragrance. The wreathing ivy, consecrated myrtle, and the fair hesperian tree bending majestically with blooming gold; yea, all of Nature's beauty that hailed that sunny clime grew richly there: and over all, the evening zephyrs threw a double charm, whispering *Æolian* melodies to the listening flowers, which mingled with the silver tones of waters from marble fountains falling most musically. Surrounded thus, he viewed the

might of his majesty. The city in greatness lay for miles around. Far down upon the banks of the sacred river the captives of Israel offered up their evening supplication; while Jerusalem was not refusing to be comforted. Humbled in the dust before their God, they prayed deliverance from the heavy hand of their captors. That prayer was heard in heaven.—Belshazzar, at the contemplation of his greatness exclaimed: "Have I not this monument of my power; this mighty city, set firm and strong as the perpetual hills, fixed as the pillars of the Earth, and lasting as the foundations thereof. Thousands my nod await; my word is undisputed law. Millions in obeisance fall prostrate at my feet. Far as yonder circling sky marks round the regions of the world, I call my own; to whom in earth or heaven should I do reverence." Then, in the madness of his pride, he scorned the God who made all worlds; who tuned the music of the spheres, and directs the course of suns and systems that roll round his awful throne, forever glorious and the same forever: o'erleaped his mortal state, and in impious vanity of imagination walked in heavenly tracks—himself a god. Fool! sudden vengeance soon hurls him down from these towering heights of grandeur, and all his glory fades.

That night Belshazzar made a great feast to a thousand of his lords. Within the kingly palace the princes and the mighty men of Babylon were assembled, and the wives and concubines of the king, voluptuous in beauty. All the conceivable grandeur of oriental magnificence was there. The swelling strains of music filled the palace: whilst the royal guests courted mirth with dance and song and ribald jest. The feast began; and the king, throwing aside his royal dignity "drank wine before the thousand." Intoxicated with the greeting shouts and flattering applause, forthwith he commanded that the golden vessels which his victorious arms had carried away from the temple at Jerusalem, should be brought forth, with which to make more glorious still, the regal splendor of the feast, and far above all Israel's Gods to show himself triumphant. With impious hand he took the consecrated cups, and poured and quaffed the sparkling wine to heathen gods, his own majesty, to universal victory, and Babylonia's might. But

here was a stop to all their revelry ; for on a sudden there came forth as it were the finger of a man's hand, and wrote upon the blazing wall in strange and mystical letters. All eyes beheld the fearful spectacle. With sight recoiling from the spectral hand they gazed into each other's faces, blanched with terror. Every heart was chill : none spoke nor stirred ; not a sound disturbed the profound silence, which swallowed up every breath as it marked the dread presence of a messenger from the unseen world. Horror glazed every eye and held all motionless. The foaming cup half raised, was held untouched ; from lips, now in an instant sealed, was cut short the bachanalian jest half spoken : the sound of rising mirth and rioting unrestrained, as suddenly fell, as had the life-blood changed to ice, the heart its pulse ceased, and all that vast assemblage by some sudden magic turned to stone. The flashing of a thousand lamps proclaimed a deathly feast.

At length the king cried aloud to bring in the Astrologers and the Chaldeans. But no one could give an interpretation of the unknown characters, until Daniel, the holy man of God, was summoned. To the terror-stricken king he read, "Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharsin." "God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it ; thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting ; thy kingdom is divided and given to the Medes and Persians." Belshazzar heard ; and smitten by the prophet's words, which fell upon his shrinking soul like flaming fire, sat stupefied, and gazed vacantly upon that which, but an hour before, to his infatuated sight blazed with more than heavenly splendor, now a ghastly wreck of earthly glory. But Cyrus, while the feast ran high with rioting and unseemly debauchery, had led his army up by the drained channel of the river, through the neglected gates, into the city ; and scarce had the prophet left the royal presence, before armed men broke down the gates and rushed into the palace. "In that night was Belshazzar, king of the Chaldeans, slain."

We are told, that as the traveler now pauses in the midst of the wild and monotonous scenery of the desert, nought but large mounds remain, silent, mournful mementoes of great Babylon's past grandeur. In the moldering ruins of her palaces and her

temples the wild fox makes his home, and coiling serpents hiss. No sound disturbs the profound stillness of those solitudes save the cry of the jackall or the hoot of the boding owl. Surely the Lord said not in vain: "The wild beasts of the desert shall be there: their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; owls shall dwell there and satyrs shall dance there."

Accursed of God, proud Babylon, how are thy banners crushed!
 The gallant warriors in arms, how are their voices hushed.
 The sound of viol, timbrel, harp, at length is heard no more,
 On wings they erst commingling, full tides were wont to pour.
 The unmolested night-wind now sweeps o'er its mournful way,
 Where stately sovereigns of old held undisputed sway.
 The solemn temples, grand old domes, that proudly rose on high,
 As though 't were the connecting link between the earth and sky;
 The marble palaces of kings, the bulwarks firm and strong,
 Have kissed the underlying dust they proudly stood upon.
 From Heaven's decree, the mammoth heaps in lonely grandeur stand,
 Sole witness of what was wrought by God's avenging hand.

In regard to the decline of this mighty city there is a desert vacancy of historical knowledge; dark oblivion covers it; it has passed forever out of the memory of man.

"Babylon,

Learned and wise, hath perished utterly,
 Nor leaves her speech one word to aid the sigh
 That would lament her."

T. C. L.

DEMORALIZING TENDENCY OF THE CLASSICS.

It has always been a question among educators, whether the study of the classics should be generally pursued, or totally abolished from our schools of learning. Ponderous tomes have been written to prove that they should thus be studied; while tomes no less ponderous, attempt to prove that they should not. All these massive volumes are alike valuable in lumbering the book shelves and library cases of the WOULD-BE learned. Ingenious arguments are adduced to establish a long list of advantages resulting from their study, while the catalogue of disadvantages

equally extend resorts to arguments no less ingenious. The student on the Commencement stage, warmed up with intense admiration of works he never read, except through the medium of a *TRANS.*, pours forth torrents of burning eloquence in defence of his favorite study. The plain matter-of-fact man of business, with no less enthusiasm, though less elegantly perhaps, denounces their study as a useless waste of time, and as turning the attention from those things which are of practical importance in this money-making age, to the visionary chimeras of antiquity. As usual in all great questions which agitate and disturb the universal mind, "truth lies between the two extremes." We must concede to the admirers of the classics, that they in common with every subject of human knowledge are invaluable as a mental discipline. Nor can it be denied that in these works of the ancients is locked up from the vulgar gaze, a vast amount of wisdom of a practical character, in political experience, and literary excellence, which reveals itself only to patient toil and laborious investigation. These are advantages whose existence cannot be gainsayed. But we think it is claiming too much, when it is professed that in the dead languages can be found the highest lessons in *Morals and Religion*. Yet there are those who would have us go back to these relics of past ages, to find in the precepts of their philosophy and in the practice of those precepts in the lives of their professors, all that is pure, refined and ennobling. The exceedingly corrupt nature of their religion, and its still worse exemplification in the conduct and manners of those who profess to be guided by its teachings, are notorious to all, however superficial may be their acquaintance with ancient history. Yet learned Christian divines, who Sabbath after Sabbath, from the sacred desk, expound and enforce the sublime precepts of the Christian faith through the week, with strange inconsistency descant with enthusiasm upon the beautiful morality of a superstitious idolatry. From the pulpit they tell us the Christian must be meek and lowly, forgiving his enemies and a blessing to his race, and from the professor's chair they hold up to the view of admiring pupils the picture of an Achilles, with all his overbearing pride, implacable enmity, fierce, unforgiving, revengeful

disposition, as a beautiful and finished character. Hence no doubt it is, that so many endeavor to imitate the glorious example placed before them. The mad ambition of an Alexander was fired by reading Homer's brilliant narration of the "Wrath of Achilles." From this system of instruction arises also that false honor which will not brook an insult; but upon the most trivial offence, is not satisfied until the crime is expiated by the blood of the offender. This is not a solitary instance. Scattered over the pages of the best ancient writers, are characters in the main noble and calculated to excite our enthusiastic admiration, but defaced by dark blemishes, which amid the general brilliance and effulgent excellence of the picture are apt to be overlooked, if not indeed judged worthy of imitation. Vice, which alone in its own hideous deformity would startle and alarm the beholders, when surrounded by noble virtues, often secures not only our pity but our admiration. Moreover, when we consider the prevailing belief of the ancient writers, we find our judgment ever rising against them. Not a vice, but finds its apologist in some one or other of their writings. Let us consider but one instance. Suicide, which Christianity everywhere condemns as a crime and the worst of evils, by their most refined philosophical sect was recognized as laudable, and the only escape from the ills of life. The philosophic Cicero acquiesces in this, the general opinion of his age, and in his disquisitions upon various subjects inculcates the same principle. The enlightened and virtuous Socrates was also necessitated to fall in with the prevailing sentiment, and by his own hand fulfilled the unrighteous sentence of the law. That stern and unrelenting foe of immorality, Cato, influenced by the sublime treatises of Plato, sought a refuge from the dark cloud of impending evil by falling upon his own sword. Yet, what a charm invests the narratives of these events! The lustre of their glory shines through the pages of the historian, and enthusiasm grows wild in the recital of their acts. Dazzled by their brightness, the mind is unable to pass judgment upon their criminality. No marvel then that such examples should find imitators.

Here it may be urged that our own literature is not free from

censure in this respect, that our own authors, tested by the standard of morality we have indicated, would be found sadly defective. Admitting this to be so, is it any reason that we should add to our stores of immorality, already too great, from the vast heaps of ancient licentiousness? When virtue and morality can now scarcely maintain their ground, but are nearly submerged by the streams of a polluted modern literature, it is surely no reason that these should be swollen by the rolling torrents of the impure and demoralizing writings of antiquity, and that combined they overwhelm and sweep away all traces of good morals from our land.

Besides, a correct public sentiment has signified its disapprobation of these modern sources of evil, and the danger of their doing harm is therefore less to be feared. But with the classics it is not so. Men who profess to be friends of virtue and religion, and who are regarded by others as spiritual guides, instead of disapproving, will join in admiring them and pointing out their beauties to others. While with righteous indignation and pious horror they would turn from the debasing pages of *Don Juan*, in raptures these same persons will pore over the obscure and filthy productions of *Juvenal* and *Ovid*. Supported and strengthened by the recommendation of such men, the pernicious influence of these writings will become great. The generous and noble mind, allured by the flowers which it finds springing up in rich profusion throughout this study, will continue to pluck until too late it discovers beneath a serpent lies hidden from the view.

L. B.

FALSE AMBITION.—It is the over-curious ambition of many to be best, or to be none; if they may not do so well as they would, they will not do so well as they may. Pride is the greatest enemy to reason, and discretion the greatest opposition to pride. I see great reason to be ashamed of my pride, but no reason to be proud of my shame.—ARTHUR WARWICK.

COLLEGE POETS.

O sacred Muse, so oft invoked in vain,
 Propitious smile upon my humble strain,
 And, as my fingers wander o'er the lyre,
 Its humming chords with louder tones inspire.
 Wake all those slumb'ring strings, that loud have rung,
 When bards, more skilled, avengingly have sung.
 How weak soe'er my song, its sacred aim,
 Presents the merit of no common claim.

Too long, triumphantly, has folly reigned,
 And raged in rhyme and metre unrestrained;
 Our College poets have, in rhyme, too long
 Traduced the sacred character of song.
 Behold how every page of *Maga* teems
 With raving stanzas and inspired dreams;
 Hear how each *Mag*, in labor, sadly groans,
 With huge expressions and bombastic tones.
 Tremendous poems, horrible and dread,
 The labored products of some air-wrought head,
 Spread o'er each page, which readers shudd'ring pause,
 And sadly gaze on metre's murdered laws,
 And ruthless writers, with *hands* doubly red,
 Proceed to slay—till common sense is dead.
 But some there are whose stanzas flow in time,
 And sweetly jingle with becoming rhyme.
 But this is all. This all their meager claim
 To laurel chaplets and a poet's fame;
 For every line with nonsense thick is crammed,
 And Reason's dictates all are deeply damned.
 Thus when some writer sends his "shadows" pale
 To shudder, grim and ghostly, on the gale.
 Smooth, as a polished stream, the verses move,
 Yet reason, sure, such fancies never wove.
 Perhaps such fearful shadows are confined
 In sombre darkness 'round the poet's mind.
 And shall no hand be raised to strike a blow,
 And boldly strive to lay the monster low?
 Vain is the task. Although each head should bleed,
 Bruised by the vengeance of the falling reed,
 Forth shall the Hydra send a hundred more,
 To scream more shrilly than those did before.

Beneath these classic shades, where Nassau rears
Her walls more hallowed in the passing years;
Here, where the crystal founts of learning blend,
And streams perennial o'er the nation send,
A dire contagion spreads. As when afar,
On western plains, beneath the sultry star,
The wheezing porkers oft are stricken sore,
And pigs, ill-fated, sink to rise no more—
So here a rage poetic swiftly spreads,
And with illusions fills the students' heads.
See how the victim turns his pensive eyes,
In musing sadness, on the starry skies;
With air abstracted, negligently drest,
Shows that the spark is kindling in his breast.
At length the flame bursts forth, with mental throes,
The convulsed poet vainly seeks repose,
Finds from his fancied pangs a brief respite,
By monthly tributes to the vexing sprite;
Crowds on the Mag the products of his care,
While awe-struck editors groan in despair.
Oh, strange example! blessing, and a curse,
Increasing good, yet making bad still worse,
Thine is the power that wakes the college lay,
And leads the inexperienced mind astray.
As when on Alpine peaks the muleteer,
Wakes with the *ranz des vaches* the silent air,
From beetling crags re-echoes back the sound,
And with increasing volume rolls around,
The distant shepherd hears the fading strain,
And loud, in answer, shouts a proud refrain,
Another answers, and another still,
Till songs united every valley fill.
So, when one poetaster twangs the lyre,
A hundred others own the same desire,
Pour forth harmonious nonsense o'er the earth,
Incognito; so modest is true worth.
First Nio writes, then rival Nio scrawls,
Then simpers O, then D heroics bawls;
Then M, then S, then all th' inspired throng
Burst, in full chorus, with discordant song,
More Bedlam than Parnassus, to the ears,
While sense expires, and every Muse sheds tears—
So, when one bull-frog grunts his gutt'ral notes,
A hundred others ope their croaking throats.

Like Virgil, one of pastoral pleasures dreams,

Winds over grassy meads meandering streams,
Then, unlike Virgil, foolish morals draws
Of man's sad failings and of nature's flaws.
What binds the moral to the streamlet's flow,
None here can tell, for truly "none do know."

Another sings a hero's parting breath,
His last sad farewell ere he sunk in death.
Commits a murder, then a suicide:
He kills the hero, and—himself beside.

To softer thoughts, like Tom Moore, one resigns
His teeming fancy, and in graphic lines
Tells how the writer taught a maid to skate.
Ah! who can ward th' impending blow of fate?
A strange *denouement* ends the tragic tale,
The ice proves slippery, both the skaters fail —
Pegasus, halt! Come to the rescue! Truth,
Turn from the scribbling trade the am'rous youth;
Exert your power to guide, while yet you can,
And spare the world another Don Juan.

And shall the patron of the rhyming throng
Be left unmentioned in my humble song:
He, in whose breast the glorious thought did move
To rear an altar in this classic grove:
To thee, Calliope, oh Muse divine!
Himself the guardian of the sacred shrine?
To all he promises a glorious fame;
The book goes forth, and in it every name.
"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print,
A book 's a book, although there's nothing in't."
With fame, in visions bright before his eyes,
The laboring student verseward slowly hies;
Calls on his "gray goose quill," invokes the Muse,
In vain. 'Alas, impassioned thoughts refuse,
Like prudish women, foolishly unkind,
To glow at bidding in the poet's mind.
At midnight still he burns the midnight oil,
And day's first gleaming lights him at his toil.
At length, when slowly sinks the setting sun,
"'Tis done," he cries, "Hail, sacred fame, 'tis done!"
But vain, ye seniors and ye juniors, vain
Herculean toil that racks the fevered brain,
Since under-classmen gain the wished-for prize,
And wear the laurel 'fore your envious eyes.

So when the tourney trumpets loud proclaim,
 An unexpected knight, without a name,
 The lists still firmly holds with stubborn spear,
 And beats to earth each knight in swift career.
 But then, Macenas of the scribbling crew,
 Eternal honors to thy name are due.
 Thine, Muse historic, as a son to claim,
 To vaunt his triumphs, and to gild his fame.
 Although himself no rhymester, still of prose
 He walks a master, as each student knows.
 Touched by a wizard wand, his magic pen,
 To life and fame York County wakes again;
 Like Rip Van Winkle, rouses from a sleep
 That drowned his senses in a Lethe deep,
 Whose soft seductions, winningly and slow,
 Crept o'er her Dutchman "fifty years ago."
 How boys were whipped he graphically tells,
 Upon the subject with such feeling dwells,
 That all who read must feel the rising tear,
 And every reader willingly would swear,
 That through the ordeal passed the writer too,
 The sorest fellow of the spanked crew.

My task is done: aside I lay the lyre;
 Hark! slowly now its ling'ring tones expire.
 —No malice prompts the writer's humble lay,
 He seeks amusement, find it ye who may.—
 More faintly now chimes on the ear the sound,
 The chords, vibrating, feebly now rebound.
 So sinks the sun, when night succeeds to day,
 So from the evening fade the tints away.

NAPG.

THE FANDANGO.

ONE Sunday afternoon there came riding up to the camp a great chuckle-headed Missourian, mounted on a vicious looking mule. Giving the usual solution of "How 'de strangers?" he alighted, requested a chew of tobacco, and proceeded to open his budget of news: "Waal, this yer's a right smart location o' yourn, strangers. Whar mout you hail from? Seen anything of a brindled steer around yer within a day or two? They say that Joaquin's

banditter are out; ort to be lynched, them scoundrels," etc., etc., till finally he came to one important item, to wit: "I've hearn that Major Hooper is g'wine to give a Fandango tew night; Notion o' goin, hay? Right peart gals in the major's, I can tell yer!" and with a wink, chuckle-head expectorated, spurred his mule into a gallop, and was off.

"Shall we go, Bob?" said I, turning to my companion, who seated on a saddle, was watching the wild geese streaking it southward, far up in the dull cloudy sky.

"Go?" returned that gentleman, "of course we'll go! How far is it to the Major's?"

"Thirty-two miles," said I.

"Well then we'd better fix up and be off, for it only lacks two hours of sunset," continued Bob, shaking the tobacco from his pipe as he arose from his extemporaneous throne.

In fifteen minutes after the Missourian had informed us of the Fandango, Bob and I, rigged out in spick and span new blue flannel shirts, black pants, with broad crimson sashes round our waists, and huge Mexican spurs jingling at our heels, were mounted on two of our fastest *mustangs*, and "making tracks" for the Major's.

It was a glorious afternoon for riding, cloudy yet dry, and as our horses warmed up with their gallop, we fairly flew over the ground.

"Ten miles in forty minutes," shouted Bob, as we gained a hill-top and halted a moment preparatory to taking the descent in a stretching sun. "Pretty well timed," he continued; "it will just carry us to the Major's by dark." "Hup-ah, Caballo," and with a touch of the spurs away we went. * *

Just as the sun was sinking far in the west, all ablaze with fire, and half wrapt in a mimicry of "cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces," a very wilderness of painted clouds, Bob and I drew rein upon the "fringed" bank of a creek, one mile from the Major's. Now as bridges were unknown in Sonora, we, of course, were obliged to ford the creek. Accordingly Bob spurred on his horse and plunged down the steep bank into the waters; but alas! he didn't "strike the ford," and so, watching his performance with

intense admiration, I heard a mighty souse, saw a tremendous splashing, as Bob and horse both disappeared beneath the waves.

"Puff, puff—Gurgle, gurgle;" Bob's curly head bobbed up, as he began striking out for the opposite shore like a good fellow, blowing the water from his mouth and giving vent to sundry half-strangled objurgations. A moment afterwards the mustang's short ears and bright eyes showed themselves. He, too, was swimming horse-fashion in Bob's wake, and after a few struggles both emerged, dripping and shivering as they clambered up the bank.

"Your turn now, old fellow!" yelled Bob, as with a laugh and a shake of his wet garments he mounted his nag preparatory to departing incontinently: "Good-bye!" and the rascal actually rode off, leaving me staring at the creek in a state of blank amazement.

However, with some trouble I found the ford, and crossed in safety; and just as the long, dark shadows of twilight were floating down upon mountain and forest, I rode up to the Major's dwelling, greeted by a chorus of hounds, the neighing of horses, squeaking of fiddles, and yells of a dozen Indians, who in humble imitation of their white masters were having a small private fandango of their own under the trees near the house.

"Alight! Alight!" was the Major's salutation as I checked my horse before the door. "Here, Sancho, take the stranger's hoss. Walk in, sir; your frien' has jest arrove," and the old fellow—a genuine mountaineer—extended his brown fist.

Entering the house, a low one-storied structure, surrounded by a broad piazza, I found Bob—the scoundrel—arrayed in a miscellaneous assortment of garments, hob-nobbing with a party of young "rancheros," joking with the girls, and making himself generally agreeable.

On the floor of the long "keeping-room" a dozen or fifteen couples were reeling off a country dance to the most villainous violin accompaniment ever heard. I was soon "introjewed" to half-a-dozen charming Missouri girls, and after a glass or two of old "red eye" felt prepared to take my part in dance, supper, or free fight—wasn't particular which.

As yet I hadn't seen the Major's daughters, tho' mindful of "Chuckle-Head's" wink, I kept a sharp look-out for them. At length they entered to announce supper. Shade of Venus! Ghost of Cupid! instead of the red-cheeked, buxom country girls I had expected to see, there advanced two of the most lovely, graceful creatures I had ever dreamed. Dark auburn tresses shaded the pure Grecian features and dark blue eyes of one, while a perfect tiara of ebon curls fell in the most bewitching disorder around the oval, brunette *phiz* (Lord what a word!) of the other. Their figures were perfect; so rounded, so lithe and beautiful, straight as arrows, bending as willows, that my heart went plump into my throat. Dead in love with Susie, the charming brunette, was I in less than a minute. As for Bob, a stray glance revealed him fascinated by the beautiful blonde, the fair Amy.

"What boots it" to relate how we played the agreeable that evening? Like a "sheep led to the slaughter" was I following darling Susie, while she, mischievous as the very devil, played me like a hooked trout. * * *

With a sigh (grunt I called it,) Bob flung himself upon his blanket in the piazza, when, the fun all past and gone, the house shut for the night, the Injins all drunk, and the fair visions flown to their couches, we two were endeavoring to catch an hour or two of sleep before starting back for "camp." "O Lord, Lem," sighed Bob, "I'm in love;" and with that he lit his pipe, propped his head upon his arm and gazed philosophically at the myriad stars which studded the dark blue concave above.

"So am I," lugubriously echoed the Lem aforesaid (to wit, your humble servant,) from the recesses of a buffalo robe; and forthwith we both remained silent, thinking of our lovely enchantresses, and listening to the weird night sounds of the new uncleared mountain country, the occasional crack, crash, of a falling tree, the faint cry of a wild beast far off in some lonely ravine, the nearer bellowing of wild cattle roused by some prowling wolf, or the quavering yelp of the sleepless hounds; the cheep-cheep of the tree toads hidden in the dusky outlined masses of foliage above us, and the sobbing of the tree-branches, swaying to some passing gust of dank night-

air. And all this had such a quiet, *soothing* effect on us—long used to mother earth as a couch—that insensibly we dropped off into a sound snooze.

It might have been fifteen minutes, or may be half an hour, when my slumbers were abruptly broken by a kick in the ribs from Bob's brogans. "What in thunder are you at!" said I. "Hush! hush!" whispered he, "listen, will you?" Straining my half awakened senses, in a minute or so I heard the startling report of a gun, instantly followed by a dozen others.

"It's Joaquin, sure as death, Lem," whispered Bob, "attacking the station below; he'll be here before morning. Rouse up, man! Rouse up!!"

"Rat-tat-thump-bang!" at the Major's door, and presently the old chap came stumbling out, *sans* clothing save his shirt. "What's to pay, boys?" he cried, rubbing his old eyes.

"The old Nick," was Bob's reply, and a few words posted up the Major as to the probability that his dwelling would, ere long, be attacked by the dreaded bandit.

In five minutes the whole house was alarmed. A dozen strapping young Missourians loaded their rifles and revolvers. The doors were barricaded, the dogs whistled up, the frightened women stowed away in a bed-room—Bob and I taking the opportunity to say a few low words of good cheer to Susie and Amy, rewarded by soft pressures from their little white hands,—and our preparations were complete.

For two hours all remained silent as a grave. At length there was heard the distant trampling of horses. They drew near. A loud *screechy* voice cried "Halta!" then a quiet consultation seemed to follow, while twenty anxious eyes, peering in vain from loop-holes, were replaced by as many rifle muzzles.

"Advance men! Down with the doors!"

"Whoop-Sacre-Maldita!" The ruffians leaped from their horses and swept forwards to the still, dark house.

Like phantoms, fifty black forms sprung from the night and scaled the piazza. But there was the sudden blinding flash of a volley ringing out a death knell to the desperadoes. "Back!

Back!" and away fled the ghost-like figures into the gloom, while only a few writhing, struggling masses just under the loop-holes, attested the accuracy of our fire.

"Quick work that," chuckled the Major, wiping out his gun, preparatory to reloading. "But what's that?" he added.

A piercing scream—a woman's cry echoed through the dwelling—then came oaths; a noise of scuffling. "The scoundrels are in the house," yelled the Major, and with the words we sprang for the door. "Bang—crash"—*somehow* we reach the chamber where were left sweet Susie, fair Amy.

Just Heaven! it is swarming with the robbers! Bob dashed at them like a tiger. The major followed, only to be floored by an unlucky slung-shot. For ten minutes there was a horrible *melée*. The Missourians fought like perfect demons, and gradually bore back the banditti toward the windows.

In the midst of the din and smoke, the cries and curses, the pistol shots, and the duller, deadlier fall of bludgeons, I caught sight of a figure flitting through the door; another followed, then a dozen; as if by magic the room was thinned of Joaquin's crew. "Susie! Amy! where are you?" The stifled cry borne from without told the short story.

"After them, boys!" and leaping out from the hot, blood-stained room into the chill, calm night air, guided by the plunging of the robbers' steeds, and their hoarse, retreating cries, we pressed forward. A sharp run, and we overtook two hang-dog villains, carrying the half-senseless forms of the dear girls. Before they could mount their horses we were upon them, and a short struggle ended the careers of these would-be abductors.

Returning triumphantly to the house, each supporting a charming, trembling burden, we found that the robbers had indeed fled, completely discomfited. And, though the sickening traces of that night's terrible work were thick strewed on floor and wall, a few hours sufficed to clear away all stains.

After a late breakfast, at which the major, his head bound up in a portentous bandage, presided, while his fair daughters, pale

rom their recent danger and narrow escape, waited upon us, we started back for the camp.

Just as we reached the creek, Bob held up his left hand :

"Do you see that, Lem?" Upon his finger gleamed a ring.

"From Amy?" said I.

"Yes, isn't she lovely?"

"Very; but look at this," and I drew from my pocket a miniature of the dear little brunette, Susie.

"From t'other one?" queried Bob.

"Yes." And in silence we pursued our homeward path, each wrapped in his own pleasant meditations. LA BONTE.

FROST PICTURES.

'T was a winter's night, and over valley and hill
Gleamed the moon's soft silver light,
And the crystals that studded earth's snowy vest,
Seemed changed into jewels bright.

Deep hid in the shade of a grove of pine,
Were a group of giddy fays,
Flitting here and there among the trees,
Or at play with the moon's bright rays.

The dell where their vigils they kept that night,
And danced on the snow so crisp,
Was lit with the mingled light of the moon,
With the glare of the Will-o'-the-Wisp.

The mournful pine whispered soft and low
Of other, far different scenes;
Of mortals wandering even then,
Far away in the land of dreams.

A bright thought seemed just then to have struck
The mind of each giddy sprite,
For they snatched their cups of liquid frost,
And sped with the swiftness of light—

To the silent homes of the dreamers, to paint
On their windows, while yet they were lost

In the still enjoyment of pleasant dream,
With their icicle dipped in frost.

On a student's window they pictured a mount
With laurels all overgrown,
But beneath the verdure was seen rude steps
And sharp rocks thickly strewn.

But far up where the top was lost in clouds,
Shone brightly the beacon light,
And the weary pilgrim toiled upward still
As it beamed upon his sight.

They painted each window with fanciful scene,
And in at the keyhole peeping,
They wildly laughed, and whistled shrill,
At the mortals within deep sleeping.

But the moon fast sending beneath the hills
Gave the giddy elfins warning,
That lest they should lose their ponies fleet
They must quick be home returning.

So they caught their moonbeam and quickly sped
O'er hills and valleys and stream,
To the dark scene 'neath the whispering pine
Where elf-king reigns supreme.

PALESTINE.

THE mind, ever active in the pursuit of knowledge, ready to draw a useful lesson from every incident of life, as well as from the works of nature, can always find an ample field for the exercise of its powers. Such a mind can cull sweets from every opening flower; hear a voice in every tree or plant or shrub; can separate nature into its elements and make every atom tell its history, or assist in the elucidation of some important truth. Or, extending the range of its vision, it can study the characteristics of countries and nations as they are spread out before it on the page of history. When the attention is turned to a particular country, we see in it

a richness and an adaptedness to the wants of its inhabitants, which never appeared to us before; and things which previously appeared as insignificant and unworthy of our notice, now assume an air of importance. Everything which seems necessary to render life comfortable and happy, to throw around an individual an atmosphere of joy and pleasure, seems concentrated in that one spot, and we almost envy the lot of such a people. But we turn to another country, and it seems, if possible, more attractive than ever. In whatever direction we turn, new life and vigor seem imparted to every object around us. Joy and pleasure float upon every breeze; peace and plenty gladden every heart; and life becomes a pleasure. Ask the dweller amid the burning sands of the desert, or the frozen wastes of the frigid zone, if his country does not possess charms to his mind, and he will answer emphatically that it does. From these facts we draw the conclusion that the great Disposer of all things has distributed his blessings with a lavish hand upon all his creatures. Yet, although every clime has its attractive features, and redeeming qualities, still there are places upon which the mind loves to dwell with peculiar interest. Who can lightly esteem the place of his birth? That spot rendered sacred by all the hallowed associations of childhood; by all the memories of a fond parent's love; by all the tender ties of a youthful heart. Or the land of his adoption, whose welfare is to him more dear than life. A country may also possess a greater interest on account of its natural beauties, historic reminiscences, or the active part which it has taken in the amelioration of the race as a whole. There is, perhaps, no country more rich in each or every one of these particulars, than the land of Palestine. Its scenery varies from the lofty mountain, to the wide extended plain; from the deepest verdure, to the most barren waste; from the flying sands of the desert, to the eternal rocks. From some of its mountain tops are seen views of surpassing loveliness. Extensive plains, stretching themselves far into the distance, and covered with all the luxuriance of a tropical climate, are terminated on all sides by ranges of mountains, whose sides are studded with oliveyards and vineyards, and at whose base, as if nestling under their shadow for protec-

tion, may be seen the peaceful villages and towns, with their industrious inhabitants, busily engaged in their several occupations and pursuits. Such was once its condition; but all that now remains to tell the traveler of its former grandeur and beauty are heaps of ruins. Its cities, once glorious in their loveliness, teeming with life and beauty, and prospering under the propitious smiles of heaven, now rear their shattered and broken columns in the air, and the wild beasts nestle in the former habitations of men. The history of its inhabitants also presents many interesting particulars. Taken as they were by God himself from among an idolatrous people, and kept separate and distinct for a long series of years; permitted to be made slaves in the land of Egypt; made to endure hardships and sufferings for forty years, and finally to take possession of the land after having destroyed its former inhabitants; from that time they began to assume a prominent station among the nations of the earth. They attracted the world, not only by their reputation for invincibility in battle, but by their peculiar form of government and religion. And well might they be conspicuous. A nation under the direct supervision of the Ruler of the universe and governed by his laws; a nation whom no power of arms could conquer, no stratagem insnare, no numbers overpower, unless deserted by her King. One empire after another disappears from the stage of action; one nation after another rises and falls by her side, still she survives the shock of time, she preserves her identity amid the surrounding confusion and decay. In fact her history is the history of the world; and it would even appear from a careful perusal of it, that the other nations were only permitted to exist that the Creator might the better carry out his purposes with respect to his chosen people. Egypt was made the cradle in which the infant nation was rocked, but when her mission was fulfilled she was spoiled, and Pharaoh and his host destroyed in the Red Sea. Assyria was appointed to chastise the nation for its sins, but when her work is accomplished, she loses her nationality, and takes her place among the nations that were. Babylon, that proud city, who reared herself to heaven and sat queen of nations, was permitted to carry them away captive; she also was visited with

a destruction so terrible that the nations stood aghast at the sight. And Rome, with her seven hills, who was reserved to complete their destruction, and scatter them to the four winds of heaven: where is she? She no longer rides mistress of the world, but drags out as miserable an existence as the veriest slave that crawled beneath her footstool. Neither has any nation done so much for the good of the world as this people. For nearly two thousand years, while all around them were shrouded in the darkness of heathenism, they preserved with religious care the Oracles of the Living God. When all else had turned their back upon the God of the universe, and said in their hearts, "Who is the Lord that we should serve him?" they clung to his service, and exalted his name among the nations. Palestine is also beloved as being the birth-place of the Saviour of the world. Her soil is sacred as the place on which he trod. Her mountains formed his calm retreat from the thronging multitudes, and her stars shone upon his lonely solitude. These, these, are the memories which fill the mind of the beholder with awe and reverence; which yields a charm to every scene, and which will hand down her history as sacred to the latest generations.

BEN.

Editor's Table.

GENTLE READER: Hast thou ever, in dreams, been troubled with some imminent danger, from which thou wert utterly powerless to escape, and awakened by a fall into some black abyss, down jagged crags, or by the pleasant sensation experienced when the glittering knife pierced thy gizzard, returned thanks that it was nought but a vision thy distempered fancy didst originate? If so, then canst thou appreciate, in part, the feelings that inspire us, as we attempt to break off our connection with the editorial corps, in penning (as the poetical in our midst have it), this our "autographic farewell." In our case, however, "it is not all a dream." Demands for funds—the said "*unwritten*" farewell—the ceaseless cry that strikes our ears at every turn, "When will the Mag be out;" our corporosity "growing small by degrees and beautifully less," amid our accumulated woes, partake too much of the real to be attributed to the weird fancies conjured up by an

overtasked digestion. From this dream there is no awakening. Shut out from the prying gaze of the busy world by two feet of solid stone, our windows darkened, and keyholes stopped, our lamp turned down, our ears stuffed with cotton, a skull and bones borrowed from a friend on the table before us, to serve as an aid to reflection by reminding us of the shortness of time, surrounded with the moldering monuments of by-gone ages, we have attempted to originate an idea:

"Vain toil! Thus in their infant days,
When children mimic manly deeds in play,
Long will they sit, and eager bob for whale,
Within the ocean of a water-pail."

So we gave it up, unstopped our ears, and in reply to the question, "How's the Mag?" broke the skull over the head of the audacious questioner, and have endeavored ever since to smoke ourselves into a state of utter forgetfulness. To plunge at once "*in medias res*," to pass at once into the body of the edifice without pausing in the vestibule, to lay before you the middle of our discourse where we commenced our seventhly, without causing you to wade through a long series of prefatory remarks—to commence with the weather, "Give me your ears!" April, now, with her widow's weeds and weeping eyes, sorrowing for the loss of the sun, and anon clothed in garments rainbow-hued, rejoicing like a merry hoyden, in the delightful sense of his presence, woos us to venture forth from our long confinement, and muse on nature and grow young again. The following is the poetical effusion of a Sophomore, composed soon after a look in his glass revealed to him the long-looked-for advent of six sickly hairs upon his chin, which by calling them together with a drum and life, and observing them closely through a microscope, he desisted to be in sober verity the foundation of a beard. It is here inserted, as a curious example of one who has been transported to the loftiest heights of imagination. In fact we consider this important faculty to have been more highly cultivated in his case, than in that of the romantic youth, who, by the aid of a horsehair, believed that he was transformed into a mermaid:

MY WHISKERS.

I love them, I love them, and who shall dare
To chide me from loving those whiskers up there?
I have lost many friends 'mid the storms of this world,
Yet, close to my cheek have those dear whiskers curled.
My father wore such when my life first began,
And I said I would too, when I grew up a man:
And my spirit exulted, though perhaps it was weak,
When the first tender sprouts grew like down on my cheek.

I have long watched their growth, and my eye oft has dimmed,
 At the loss in their size, when those whiskers I trimmed,
 And the scissors have cut those dear hairs into shape,
 And the razor has given them a hair's-breadth escape.
 I care not how hairy I look, or may be,
 I care not if the boys say, "The Old Harry," to me;
 Those dear curly whiskers have clung to me long,
 And to cut them off now, for a sneer, would be wrong.
 So then I'll cling to those whiskers through life,
 As they still cling to me, in the world's busy strife;
 And when the time comes that I go to my grave,
 I mean they shall still be unharmed by the shave.
 Now, call me not weak, if I still should declare,
 That, I love them—I love them—those small tufts of hair:
 They have twined round my heart, and my face, in my need,
 And, to cut them off now, would be barefaced indeed.

The long-expected and eagerly-desired History of our Alma Mater, has, at last made its appearance. We have no space for an extended criticism. It is issued in a style worthy of its enterprising publisher. As to the subject matter, we would merely call attention to the author's lengthy digression on Popery. His honest American heart, bursting with indignation, at the subtle attempts of the "whore of Babylon," to cast her toils around the active limbs of Brother Jonathan, and deliver him bound into the hands of his enemies, finds relief in language fervid and eloquent. He has rescued from oblivion, several very important facts in the history of the college. The time when the present iniquitous system of grading first came into vogue is accurately determined. The planting of the two cannons, and the awful conflagration of the privy, successfully extinguished without the knowledge of the students, are matters of the greatest interest to antiquarians. His style has in it the terseness of Tacitus, mingled with the child-like simplicity of Herodotus, and the philosophical acumen of Thucydides. The spirit of poesy breathes through every line. In truth it is a grand prose epic.

The circulation of autograph books reminds us forcibly that our stay here is short. '59 has caused his Maternal untold anxiety. The good old Dame has often sat up all night to catch the roystering blade, reeling home from some champagne supper, and while his fault was fresh in his mind, rate him soundly. Endless have been the lectures which the garrulous Matron hath recited to her unwilling auditor, who the while employed his time in conjuring up some scurvy trick, wherewith to repay her for her fond solicitude. Often when she thought him hard at his tasks, has he been engaged in composing and circulating defamatory libels upon her character. The poultry-yard has borne bloody testimony to his love for adventure and

good eating, the midnight revel has found him invariably in his accustomed seat. At one time full of contrition and remorse, he applied himself with renewed diligence to his studies. At another, with horrid din of horns or midnight fire, has he broken her rest. Often has he been sent into the country, to recruit his moral health, under the care of some clerical elder brother, and again been received with open arms. A good youth and a courageous is he at heart; and, although placing an undue estimate upon his abilities, although entertaining a romantic idea of the interest his debut upon the stage of active life will create, we believe all this, will in time wear away, and his sterling qualities of head and heart, his bull-dog perseverance, and his diligence, when once aroused, will carry his name down to posterity.

And now we must close, leaving unsaid many things we should have said, and saying many things we had better left unsaid. Want of space, but more especially want of funds, forbid our longer engaging your attention. Abruptly it is, and yet unavoidable. Our rushlight emits a light feebler and feebler, sinks suddenly into the socket, splutters a little, flares up into its wonted brilliance, hisses and sputters, and "goes out into the blackness of darkness forever." Gentle reader, good night!

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